

THE BETHEL NEWS,
Published Every Wednesday by
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.
Bethel, Me.

TERMS: \$1.25 per year, payable in
advance.

Entered in Bethel, Me. Post-Office as
Second Class matter.

SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.
Single copies of the News are three cents
each. For convenience of patrons single cop-
ies of each issue are sold at the following places:
Bethel, W. A. B. Store,
South Paris, Shurtliff's Drug Store,
Rumford Falls, Rumford Falls Store,
Rumford Falls, C. Clifford.

Bethel, Maine, Dec. 2, 1896.

J. G. Rich is buying live rabbits.
Maj. G. A. Hastings went to
Boston the first of the week.
Mell Coburn saw a large moose
on the Greenwood road last Fri-
day.

C. M. Wornell was in Berlin a
part of last week on detective
business.

Prof. W. R. Chapman was in
Bethel last Saturday afternoon
and evening. He met the Bethel
Chorus at Patten's Hall at eight
o'clock and briefly outlined the
work the Maine Musical Associa-
tion expected to do. We expected
to give an extended notice of the
Association, with cut and sketch
of Mr. Chapman this week, but a
delay in getting some necessary
papers obliged us to defer this un-
til next week.

It is amusing to notice how
quickly conclusions are sometimes
jumped at, even when the circum-
stances in the case do not even
give foundation for a rumor. The
closing of a photographic studio
does not necessarily imply the
"failure" of the proprietor, and it
is usually safer to refrain from
making damaging statements
about any person until the facts
in the case are known.

At a recent entertainment given
by the Ladies' Club of the Congre-
gational church, the gentlemen of
the parish were induced to assume,
for the benefit of the audience,
some of the manifold duties of the
feminine sex. Actuated evidently
by a lurking suspicion that they
did not show altogether to advan-
tage on the enforced role, the
gentlemen who essayed the accom-
plishments of the "new man" pro-
posed to give the public a repre-
sentation of the "new woman" in
the performance of one of her
unaccustomed duties. Concerning
the proceedings of the jury
room, the utmost secrecy has
hitherto been observed, but with
the rather unchivalrous insinuation
that they will naturally under the
new conditions become a matter of
general knowledge, it is an-
nounced that there will be given
on Thursday evening, Dec. 17th,
by twelve good men and true, a
representation of the deliberations
of a jury, composed entirely of
women. The Ladies' Club with
characteristic generosity and
broad mindedness, will allow the
entertainment to be given under
its auspices. The cast of characters
with further particulars will be
given in the next issue of the News.

The Robinson Dramatic Company.
Neither the glare of the torch
light or the beat of the drum could
keep away from the opera house
last evening an audience which
filled auditorium and even the re-
mote recesses of the gallery. The
Robinson company made one more
stride in Exeter's favor, by the
thorough way in which they pre-
sented, "The Rag-picker's Child."
Mr. Robinson, as the loquacious
Bims, becomes the hearty favorite
at once, and the strong scenes in
which he appeared caught the
popular favor.

The ladies of the company are
particularly strong. First on last
night's bill should be named Miss
Genie Bowen, a winsome soubrette
as saucy and mischievous as one
could wish, and her pretty face
half concealed by masses of tangled
hair, was one no one could soon
forget. Miss Robinson is a charm-
ing little body, graceful and full of
life, while Miss Myer in the role of
an old rag-picker was full of
dramatic intensity. The gentle-
men were strong in their support,
Mr. Knight, Mr. Geary and Mr.
Blanchard, while Harry Sargent,
the only "Harry," as his friends
called him, kept the house in a
roar by his up-to-date political
jokes.

The Robinson company deserves
success, all the members are pains-
taking and full of musical talent.
The plays are clear, wholesome,
most entertaining, while the songs,
specialties and dances are alone
worth the highest price charged.

Exeter, N. H., Daily Gazette, Oct.
See: The Robinson Dramatic Co.,
in the above play during their en-
gagement week of Dec. 14th, to
be at Odeon Hall, Bethel. Prices,
10, 20 and 30 cents.

Bethel, Tuesday, A. M.
Dear Editor:-
Why cannot we have the
notice of the Sunday service at
"Union Church," Newry Corner,
in your paper? Sunday School,
P. M. Preaching by Rev. A. Ham-
ilton and services conducted by
the "Praying Band" at 3 P. M. on
alternate Sabbaths. I enclose an
item relating to Bear River Grange,
Bear River Grange Newry Cor-
ner, had a pleasant time at their
last meeting. They were visitors
from three Granges, Brother
George from South Paris Grange,
Brother Tracy of Norway Grange,
and Brother Perham of Franklin
Grange. Election of officers at
their next meeting.

Grand Display of Christmas - GOODS -

During the last month I have purchased a fine assortment of Christ-
mas goods which are not on exhibition. Fine assortment of
Watches and Jewelry, and the best line of Silverware
ever in town. Many dainty novelties suitable
for Christmas gifts. You are invited
to call and examine my stock whether you
desire to purchase or not. Come early and have the
entire stock to select from.

Edward King, "The Jeweler,"
FINE REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS.
6 MAIN ST.,
Near Depot, - Bethel.

STATE NEWS.
The latest town in the state to
be reached by telephone is Casco.
The farmers of Bryant's Pond
realized about \$400 for their sweet
corn crop this year.

Rev. John A. Harding, Baptist
clergyman of Norway, and Emma
J. Young also of Norway, were
married Nov. 27th.

The Indians are prophesying a
long and severe winter, as the
muskrats are building their
houses extra thick this fall.

It seems incredible that a barrel
of apples should be quoted at par
with a dozen of eggs, but this was
the ratio of exchange between those
two commodities in Machias late-
ly.

Officer Bassett has succeeded in
capturing the thief and outlaw,
Elroy Poland, who has become
the terror of the state. It is un-
derstood that it might be well to
look after others of the same fam-
ily name.

A Paris couple will celebrate
their golden wedding by taking the
wedding tour, which, after the com-
mon custom of the time, was omit-
ted when they were married, half
a century ago.

Officer Thompson learned, Wed-
nesday, that Mrs. Gertrude Thomp-
son and son Richard, missing from
Boothbay Harbor, have been heard
of in Nova Scotia. They are with
Mrs. Thompson's father's people.

The farm buildings of Edgar G.
Clark of Bangor were burned,
Saturday morning. He lost forty
tons of hay, seven cattle, and five
hogs. Loss \$2,500; no insurance.
The cause was the upsetting of a
lantern in the barn by a dog.

Luther T. Pike, the oldest man
in the town of Norway, died Nov.
27, aged ninety-two. He was a
wealthy and prominent citizen.
He was a director of the Norway
National Bank. He leaves two
sons.

Governor Powers has selected
the following members of his staff,
it may be definitely stated: Gen-
eral Selden Connor, Portland, ad-
jutant-general; Major Everett E.
Newman, Eastport, inspector gen-
eral; Mr. George L. Thompson,
Brunswick, commissary general;
Mr. Atwood Spaulding, Caribou,
military secretary.

Bath, November 28.—News was
received this afternoon of the
drowning of Henry M. Todd and
his grandson, Palmer Todd, at the
mouth of the Kennebec. They
were fishing with D. Henry Todd,
when the latter fell on the gunwale
of the boat capsizing it. Assist-
ants arrived too late to save two
members of the party.

Rev. B. S. Rideout of Norway has
just entered on the 10th year of his
pastorate of the 2nd congregational
church. During that time, though
the church has been destroyed by
fire and a new one erected, and
finely furnished, the society has
prospered and has been strength-
ened in every way under Mr. Ride-
out's pastorate.

But a few years ago it was
thought that a female could not
teach the young idea to shoot in
our district schools during the
winter months. The idea is fast
fading from the minds of our
school officers, and at the present
time the school-master is almost a
thing of the past. In the town of
Paris, for instance, of twenty-
three teachers, three only are men.

A Brewer merchant, who is a Re-
publican, is looking for a Democrat
with whom he made a bet previous
to election. If Bryan was elected
the Republican was to wear a silk
hat and carry a cane for one year
from the date of election. In the
event of McKinley's election the
Democrat is to do the same. The
Democrat, it is evident, has
been very busily engaged in the
care of life since November 3rd,
as the merchant has not as yet been
able to get a glimpse of him, but
when he does the long lost man will
be invited to make his debut in
the above manner. Beavers
were never worn very much in
Brewer, but the wave of prosperity
which it strikes that town will bear
them on its crest.

**WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR
TEACHER IN OXFORD COUNTY?**
EVERYBODY WILL BE ANXIOUS
TO KNOW.
The Publishers of the Bethel News
are going to Give the People
a Chance to Decide.
FOLLOWING IS THE PLAN.

As the long cold months come,
and cheerless winter settles down
upon us, we can appreciate a little
excitement, and the publishers of
the News have concluded to in-
augurate a friendly voting con-
test and give the people of Oxford
County an opportunity to decide
by popular vote who is the most
successful and popular lady or
gentleman school teacher now
teaching in the county.

Votes can be cast for any teacher
wherever they may reside, if he or
she is now or has been teaching in
this County during 1896.

Every issue of the News from
now until Feb. 1st, 1897 will con-
tain one vote, which can be filled
out by any one for any teacher in
the County and sent into the
News office. Extra papers will be
on sale at the News office, G. R.
Wiley's drug store and at Miss L.
C. Hall's in Bethel, also at Stope's
drug store, Norway, Shurtliff's
drug store, South Paris, and at C.
A. Clifford's, Rumford Falls.

A new yearly subscription to the
News, whether brought in by the
teachers themselves or by some
friend, will count 52 votes. A 6
months subscription will count 26
votes, and a 3 months subscrip-
tion 13 votes.

25 votes will also be allowed for
every dollar's worth of job printing
actually obtained by any teacher or
friend and brought to this office.

THE PRIZE.
The teacher who on or before
Feb. 1st, 1897, receives the greatest
number of votes will be presented
with a copy of Webster's Inter-
national Dictionary. This is a
new book from cover to cover. A
complete revision of Webster's
Unabridged Dictionary, the name
of which is familiar to every
teacher in America.

A library in itself.
In addition to the Dictionary of
words, with their pronunciation,
spelling, etymology, etc., there is
a valuable appendix comprising
a pronouncing gazetteer of the
world; vocabularies of Scriptural,
Greek, Latin, and English proper
names. A dictionary of the
noted names of fiction; a brief
history of the English language;
a dictionary of foreign quotations;
a biographical dictionary with
10,000 names; a classified selection
of illustrations (filling 82 pages), etc.

The work of revision occupied
over 10 years, more than 100 editors
being employed, and over \$300,000
expended before the first copy was
printed.

The price of this book is \$14.00
and it is unquestionably the great-
est work of the kind produced.

Newsy Gleanings.
Wheat has reached 90 cts., and
still going. Well! let it go.
A cubic foot of air at sea level
weighs 1.14 ounces; water weighs
840 times as much.

There are 27 republics, 20 king-
doms and 14 empires on the
earth at the present time.
A \$15,000 organ was placed in
the Presbyterian church at Rich-
field Springs, N. Y., by Mrs.
Emmons Blaine, in memory of
her husband and their marriage
in the church Sept. 25, 1889, and
dedicated Nov. 29.

President Cleveland has bought
a house at Princeton, N. J., and
after his duties at Wash-
ington are over, will settle down
again in his own state. He will
probably practice law in New York
city, and make daily trips from
his home to his office.

There are many signs of
a cold severe winter in Germany.
There has recently been bet up
for the Ashland Manufacturing
Company, the largest and heaviest
smoke-stack in Maine. The stack
is 90 feet long and 6 feet in di-
ameter, and sets on a base 32 feet
high. It weighs about 20,000
pounds.

Didn't Get Her Present.
Mamma—"Well, Edith, how did
you like the kindergarten?"
"I don't like it a bit. The
teacher put me on a chair and
told me to sit here for the present.
And I sat and sat, and she never
gave me the present!"—New York
Tribune.

Merit
Made and Merit maintain the confidence
of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It
cures every skin disease, it makes
wonderful cures every where, then beyond
all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made
That is just the truth about Hood's Sar-
saparilla. We know it possesses merit
because it cures, not once or twice or a
hundred times, but in thousands and
thousands of cases. We know it cures
absolutely, permanently, when all others
fail to do any good whatever. We repeat.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Hood's
Hood's Pills
cure various indigestion,
biliousness, etc.

Children's Column.
Conducted by Lena B. Ellingwood.
We are pleased to receive contributions of all
sorts, letters, stories, poems, etc., and
should be addressed to Mrs. A. D. Elling-
wood, Bethel, Me.

A Note for Santa Claus.
Christmas is coming soon again.
The days go by on wings,
I want a doll, a real fur-muff
And lots of other things.
I'll write a note to Santa Claus,
He'll be surprised, I guess;
But when he is at home, mamma,
And what is his name?
I'll tell you what I'll do, mamma.
I'll stand upon my toes,
And drop the letter in the box—
I'm sure the postman knows.
I. Macallister.

A Narrow Escape.
Nan, Angeline and Mary lay mournful
in a row;
Despair and grief were in their hearts,
and on their faces, woe;
For Saturday was moving day, and
mother dear had said,
As she kissed them all, and hugged
them all, and tucked them all
in bed, "I
That heap of broken dollies we'll
leave upon the floor;
I'm sure you'll never miss them, I'll
find you plenty more.
They're old, and torn, and battered up—
not one of them's complete—
I think I wouldn't take them to the
house on Pleasant street."

Nan, Angeline and Mary went sadly off
to sleep,
In happy dreams they soon forgot
that melancholy hour;
But when at last in slumber sound
their tired mother lay,
She heard a voice, a gentle voice, that
sweetly seemed to say:
"Those children you're so fond of—
did you cannot see
They're really very far from what a
perfect child should be
There's many a pretty child in town in
case you feel inclined
To choose some pretty new ones, and
let these stay behind.
For Mary looks her arm, you know,
And Nan turns in her toes,
And Angeline has freckles on her
funny little nose;
They bump their heads and tear their
frock—'tis hard to keep them neat—
I think I wouldn't take them to the
house on Pleasant street."

That loving little mother, oh! she
started up in fright,
She ran to all her babies, and she
kissed and hugged them tight;
She put her little bonnet on, and bought
a pot of glue,
And when they moved to Pleasant
street, those dollies all went, too!
—St. Nicholas.

Grandpa's School Fund.
"Come, come, boys," said grand-
pa, "don't grumble any more
about having to bring your books
home evenings. Sit down and
study half an hour and then if
you have your lessons learned, I'll
have a story ready for you."
"Then here goes," cried Hal and
Selden in concert, and for just
thirty minutes there was silence,
broken only by an occasional
earnest whisper.

"Now for the story, grandpa!"
The old gentlemen poked the fire
meditatively, settled his specta-
cles comfortably upon his head
and began:
"Twas 70 years ago last October,
I was an undersized boy of 14,
eager for book-learning and with
my appetite whetted by attend-
ing school nine or ten weeks in the
winter. We had but two terms a
year, and I had to work on the
farm in the summer. The winter
previous I had got as far as the
rule of three in Ben Slocum's
arithmetic, but his folks had
moved to Minot and I wanted an
arithmetic of my own. I aspired
to possess a grammar also, but how
I was to procure either I did not
know. My father was kind and
indulgent in many ways, but he
saw no good in "book-larnin'." He
had got along without it and so
had his father before him, and he
couldn't see but what they had
prospered as well as those that
had it.

"I racked my brain night and
day for some plan by which I
could achieve my end, and at length
I hit upon one. I had
once heard Ben's father say that
beechnuts would bring five cents a
quart in Portland. The beech
trees were loaded that year, and
my heart beat high with hope as I
hurried away to the woods at
every interval between my farm
tasks. I gathered two bushels in
all. These I was sure would buy
my books and leave a handsome
surplus for presents for the whole
family. My plan was to take
them to Portland on a hand sled
after the snow came, stay all
night at the home of my father's
cousin and come home the next
day. So one glorious morning,
shortly after Thanksgiving, I
started with the sack of nuts firmly
bound on a sled, and my feet
hardly touching the snow in my
excitement. It was fifteen miles
to Portland, but with what good
roads and frequent lifts from kind-
ly teamsters, I arrived there about
five in the afternoon. I walked
proudly into the store which Mr.
Slocum had mentioned as being
the best place to trade, and
stated my errand. There were
two young clerks who tried hard
to be smart and felt well satisfied
with the result of their efforts.
They thought a green country boy
was rare sport, and kept me stand-
ing there a long time while they
had fun at my expense. Sudden-
ly a brisk little man stepped in and
my tormentors became exceed-
ingly industrious in a twinkling.

"Yes, yes, indeed," he said,
"take 'em all at five cents if they
ain't wormy."
"I was sure they were not, and
hastened to get the sack which I
had innocently left outside the
door. It had disappeared.
"Sho now!" ejaculated the
storekeeper. "Stolen! Well, well!
Too bad! Should 'a' been glad to
get 'em if they were sound, and he
hurried away into the store.
"I turned away with a swelling
heart; I dared not go to cousin En-
os's for fear that he would scold
me for carelessness. Up and down
the long street people were hurry-
ing home to supper and warm
fires. It seemed to me as if there
was no room for me and no one
cared what became of me in all
Portland.

"I walked around until the
streets were almost deserted and
then I crept under an evergreen
hedge, drew my cap over my ears,
turned up my great coat collar and
soon slept, for I was too tired with
my long tramp to lie awake and
think of my disappointment.
Fortunately the weather had moder-
ated a great deal since morning.
Long before sunrise I rose, ate
half a doughnut which I found in
my pocket and started for home.
I stopped at a farmhouse early in
the forenoon and got a lunch of
eye bread and cheese, for which I
sawed and split a large woodbox
full of maple and birch, and then
resumed my journey. My
boots slipped at the heels and
raised some exceedingly painful
blisters. I did not get as many
gifts as I did the day before and
it was growing dusk when I reached
home. No one was in the kitchen
and I dropped asleep on the settle
before the fire, and did not awaken
until morning, for mother thought
that sleep would do more good
than food.

"Well, it transpired that I didn't
need the books that winter, for
father cut his foot so severely soon
afterward and I had to be the
breadwinner, but next fall I tried
again, with better success, and
after that I bought all of my books
with beechnut money until I was
ready to enter college."

"O grandpa! weren't you in
earnest?" cried Hal.
"Ah, those were earnest times,"
sighed grandpa.—Farm and Home.

ANOTHER PRIZE OFFER.
A Suitable Christmas Gift Prize.
In our last letter contest we re-
ceived some very nice little letters,
but haven't felt at all satisfied with
the small number that were writ-
ten. We gave a subject, thinking
it would be a help in the letter
writing, but results showed that it
was rather a discouragement; so
this time the little folks shall write
on whatever subject they like,
whatever interests them most, or
they think they can write about
best.

Now we want to receive a letter
from every boy and girl who reads
this prize offer! Every single one
—that is, provided they are under
fourteen years old. And of course,
as in former contests, the letters
must be written without help.
The little pots of five or six years
stand just as good a chance of win-
ning the prize as the big ones of
thirteen years, for in giving the
prize we shall take into considera-
tion the age of the writer. We
want to suggest one thing: Don't
think that you must use as many
big words as you can, and make
the letter sound as "grown-
up" as possible. That isn't what
we want. The best letters we re-
ceive are the childish ones; child-
ish ideas in childish words; write
to us just as you would talk to
some friend. Of course you will
be careful to write your letter
neatly, and have the spelling and
punctuation as near right as you
can. We would be glad if the boys
and girls would say what they like
to read best in the children's col-
umn, whether stories, poems, let-
ters, or games. We want to inter-
est the children, and can do it bet-
ter if we know what they enjoy.
The letters must all be in by
Monday night, December 21st, and
the winner's name and letter will
appear in the News of Dec. 23rd.

"What will the prize be?" We
can fancy we hear the boys and
girls asking. We said in the head-
line "A suitable Christmas Gift."
Whoever heard of telling what a
Christmas present is to be? Why,
you all have secrets from your best
friends, now that Christmas is
drawing near, and are planning all
sorts of mysterious things; and can
you blame us if we choose to throw
a little mystery and secrecy over
the Christmas present we are go-
ing to give?

Dr. F. I. Brown and wife of
South Portland spent a part of
last week at John M. Philbrook's.

Invincible.
The farmers will do well by call-
ing on L. A. Hall, as he has found
a cheap way of raising
calves that he will tell them
about.

WANTED!
A General Agent in a good busi-
ness for Oxford County. No invest-
ment needed. State previous busi-
ness and give reference. For partic-
ulars address, M. C. Hall, State Agt.,
59 Miller St., Belfast, Me. 2w27

PISO'S CURE FOR
Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough,
Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma,
Consumption.

ODEON - HALL, - BETHEL.
ONE WEEK ONLY,
Commencing Monday, Dec. 14

Robinson Dramatic Co.
SUPPORTING THE YOUNG AND ROMANTIC ACTOR
MR. GEORGE K. ROBINSON,
And a company of recognized players, introduc-
ing a new and original repertoire of up-to-date
plays. Elegant wardrobes, new specialties, and
wonderful mechanical effects.
Every evening at 8 p. m., Saturday matinee at 2 p. m. A change
of programme nightly.
Tickets 10, 20 and 30 Cents.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
Can be obtained in but few places,
THE NEAREST YOU
can come to this in Oxford County is at
the ware room of the **BETHEL CHAIR CO.**
where you can purchase fine
OAK CHAMBERSUITS
FORMERLY SOLD FOR 40 TO \$50
FOR \$20. AND \$25.

We handle all our goods from first hands directly from Factory
We also keep in stock
AT
BOTTOM PRICES
Spruce Boards, Joists, Lathes,
Shingles, both Spruce and Canadian Cedar.

BETHEL CHAIR CO.,
Bethel, - - - - - Maine

GOLD and SILVER
Taken in Exchange for My Goods.
The Largest stock and Lowest prices on—
Horse Blankets
& Fur Robes.

I am still making the best team harness that can possibly be got up
at the price. Every Harness warranted.
YOUNG'S HARNESS STORE, Bethel.

Look! LOOK!
at our different styles of the
Celebrated Royal Worcester
Corsets.

Do Not
forget our choice line of **JEWELRY.**
UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY
AS USUAL.
E. E. BURNHAM,
DEALER IN **Millinery & Fancy Goods**
COLE BLOCK. BETHEL.
Store closed Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

NOTICE OF SALE.
Pursuant to a license from the Hon.
Judge of Probate, for the County of Ox-
ford, I shall sell at Public Auction on
the twenty-fourth day of December, A.
D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
at the office of Herriek & Park, in Beth-
el, all the right, title and interest which
DAVID M. GROVER, late of Bethel, in
said County, deceased, had in and to
the following described real estate, viz:
The homestead farm of said David M.
Grover, situated on Grover Hill, so called,
in said Bethel, not including the
meadow lot, so called.
Dated this 10th day
Nov., 1896.
DANIEL H. GROVER, Adm'r.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.
R-I-P-A-N-S.
The modern stand-
ard Family Medi-
cine: Cures the
common every-day
ills of humanity.

ENVELOPES
A full pa-
ge of our best
for only 5
have 15 or 20 varieties and your
choice for a nickel. New

H. C. BAR
—Manufacturers Agent,
Doors, Sashes
Window
FOOT OF HIGH ST. - BETH
C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and
COAL, ICE.
Trucking of every kind pro-
to. Orders to be left at house.
G. L. DAVIS
MAIN STREET,
TAUGHT TO DO BY
BRYAN'S PORTLAND
BUSINESS
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING
OFFICE PRATICE FROM THE
Dry Theory Discarded. Send for
L. A. GRAY & SON, Por

Educational
Actual business by mail and com-
BUSINESS
The Shaw SHORTHAND
PORTLAND AUGU-
F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL.

Lovejoy
W. F. Lovejoy & So.
BETHEL HILL,
This popular house has been
last season, the stable and
have been moved to the rear,
thus leaving the view of the
unobstructed. Parties want-
mer home will find this one of
able places in the MOUNTAIN RE-

BLACKBERRY
A SURE CURE FOR
Diarrhea, Dysente-
ria and all S-
Complaints.
KIMBALL, BROWN & CO.
BROOKFIELD FALLS,
PRICE 25 CTS.
For Sale by R. E. L. P.

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SAVAGE ISLANDERS.

THE MAN EATING NATIVES OF THE ISLAND OF GUADALCANAR.

Hostile Mountain Tribes That Prevent the Exploration of Territory That the Spanish Discover Over Three Hundred Years Ago—Persistent Mr. Woodford.

A few years ago the English and the Germans divided the beautiful group of the Solomon Islands between themselves and then looked around to see if their new acquisition was really worth anything. They decided that the islands were lovely to the eye and good enough to keep, but that the natives were the wildest and most untamable savages they had ever met. It was all a man's life was worth to venture among them. A gunboat or two have been kept in the neighborhood of late years, but these have not prevented the head hunters and cannibals from looting off a white man's head on the latest convenient occasion.

The scene of the latest native exploit is the large island of Guadalcanar. Several members of an Austrian scientific expedition, while climbing the mountain known as the Lion's Head early in August, 1898, were attacked by the bushmen or island natives. Five of the party were killed and six were wounded, including two guides and some sailors. A simultaneous attack was made upon the climbers on the small party they had left in camp below. Of course the natives were no match for guns, and they were soon driven into the bush, but not before they had inflicted terrible loss. Among the killed was Baron von S.

The Lion's head is in the very heart of the island, being almost equidistant between the sides and ends of Guadalcanar. No white man had ever been there before. No white man had ever penetrated the interior before except Mr. C. M. Woodford, and he went only about 15 miles inland, ascending the Aola river. Then he had to turn back for excellent reasons, in which the natives were concerned. But he must not forget poor Benjamin Boyd, who disappeared among the coast woods and was never seen again. It is said that this well-to-do Briton intended to declare the island annexed to his country on the strength of his landing there. At any rate he landed with his shotgun and said he was going to shoot a mess of pigeons, and that was the last that was ever seen of poor Ben Boyd. For some years presents were made to the coast natives called "R. B." and "Ben Boyd," who are looking for you, but nothing was ever heard of him.

The island is about 80 miles long and 40 wide, and it is one of the southern Solomons, in the British territory. A large map has been made of it, chiefly by white, for all that it shows is the shape of the island, the mountains, the coast, the mouth of the rivers, the mountains that can be seen from the sea, and the two little rivers that Woodford has explored. All the rest is blank. The Lion's head is a prominent feature, and it is estimated to be 5,500 feet high.

In 1886 Mr. Woodford attempted to reach Lion's head, but was prevented by the hostility of these mountain tribes, who brought the Austrian party to grief, and by the timidity of his guides. But he lived six months among the coast natives at the little town of Aola. By means of most liberal presents he made friends with the natives there. They never stole anything from him, and he often induced them to accompany him on small trips into the country.

The people living inland usually ran into the bush when they saw him coming, but their fears were allayed by his native friends, who would shout that he was a good white man and that he was not a cannibal. But the people of the mountains still farther inland could not be mollified, and all his attempts to reach Lion's head and ascend a mountain, his life is hard and his work is dangerous. The first shot into the air was a warning shot, and his coast natives went up the river Aola in their canoes the more timid his escort became. They rounded every bend in the river with spears pointed and keeping a good look out.

Any white man on the coast of the Solomon group must be constantly on his guard. If he attempts to go inland and ascend a mountain, his life is hard and his work is dangerous. The first shot into the air was a warning shot, and his coast natives went up the river Aola in their canoes the more timid his escort became. They rounded every bend in the river with spears pointed and keeping a good look out.

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"I have made juries in murder cases an especial study. There are a large number of men, larger than most people expect, who have scruples about the execution of a man as a punishment for a crime. I used to make it my business to study juries' faces and see if I could read by the lines whether or not they were in sympathy with the death sentence. I gave this up, though, as being beyond my power of comprehension. Later continued study of the jury box led me to a discovery. That was that the jury was out of the jury box composed mostly of men of low intelligence, and the evidence was sufficient, never have the slightest hesitation about fixing extreme sentence. On the other hand, a jury where short, fat men predominated in number were more likely to be lenient in finding its verdict, and when brought in it would generally be a term of imprisonment for the murderer."

A Harlequin Without Money. One evening, when returning from the theater in a cab (sic), having ordered the coachman to drive to the Sun, a tavern in Clare market, he threw himself out of the cab window and through the glass pane of the window. The coachman, who was driving slowly, drew up at the driver was about to draw up. The man then descended from the cab, touched his hat and stood waiting for his passenger to alight. Finding at length there was no vehicle, he besought a few blessings on the coachman, who had imposed upon him, re-mentioned his box and was about to drive off when Rich, who had been watching him, vaulted back into the vehicle, putting his head out, and said: "Where the devil are you driving to?" Almost paralyzed with fear, the driver got down again, but could not be persuaded to let him get into the vehicle, and he was a shilling for himself, explaining: "No, that won't do. I know you too well for all your shoes, and so, Mr. Devil, for once you're outwitted."

A Lepre Hospital. Outside the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital, tended by Christians from the German religious houses. Year after year these heroic women, without pretensions, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited and loved themselves literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travelers.

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THEY BOTH GOT MAD. A Mountaineer Visits a Postoffice and His Experience There. He was a typical mountaineer from his brogan shoes to his wool hat, and he had walked to a neighboring town to visit relatives. It was his first visit away from his home. The postmaster, after he arrived he went to the postoffice to get a letter from his girl. He was sure it would be there, as she had tearfully told him she would write him while he was away.

"Air that my mail for me?" he inquired of the postmaster. "What's your name?" was the inquiry. "Londer."

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HEROISM IN MINES.

Instances Where Brave Men Have Risked Their Lives to Save Others.

Never was there a mining disaster of any magnitude without several instances of individual gallantry in saving boys alone, says a writer in Chums. As a colliery manager said the other day, "There may be a score of cases of that kind, but a single accident and nobody but the wisest."

"A boy told me once," he proceeded, "that after an explosion one of the men who was with him brought him along a considerable distance in the workings. At last they met the aftermath. The lad was so terrified, so anxious to get out, that he wanted to rush through and make his way to the shaft. If he had gone on, he certainly would have dropped, but the man would not let him. He stopped him by force, and though the lad bit and fought like a little demon he stuck to him and held him near the ground, so that they could breathe. How do you think he calmed the boy at last? Sang comic songs to him. Well, they had to keep where they were for about five hours, and then the air had got better, the man started off and brought the youngest out safely, though once he was nearly suffocated by the aftermath. Now, there's a case that nobody would have heard of probably if the lad hadn't happened to have told me about it."

As an instance of heroism in this direction that is known, however, I recall a story I heard near the bank of the Aola river after the expedition in 1889. You know that the slightest delay in flying for the shaft may mean death. In the neighborhood of Bolton some few years ago one man out of a party of colliers stopped behind for a minute or so to look for his son, a boy of 14, who was working close by. The two met, but alas, they perished there together and were found clasped in each other's arms. And paternal devotion as thus manifested has cost many a brave fellow his life.

Well, on the occasion referred to a man named Haslam brought from the workings, or met as he was scurrying along, to the pit mouth, a youth about 16, and throughout the terrible journey he stuck to the lad with the most heroic determination. Twice the boy stumbled and fell, but the noble collier dragged him to his feet and urged him to push on with all speed. Other mishaps befell them, yet both, I rejoice to say, gained the surface alive and comparatively well.

Something About Partridges. Among the habits of the partridge one is that when a covey is roosting on the ground, its tail feathers are together in a circle, the bunch is surrounded by a line of watchful heads, like sentinels on duty. Another is that they run the instant the ground is touched after a "flush" the birds are trailing them in rabbit hunting fashion.

Their sense of smell is evidently very acute, for during the nesting season, if the eggs, which number from 10 to 20, are disturbed in any way, a hand even inserted in the nest, it will be immediately deserted and a new one built. A short time previous to the nesting the male, when not feeding, often being perched on some slight elevation, or courting her by his mellow tone call of "bobwhite." Two and sometimes three broods of young are reared during a season, the nesting being as early as May 1. Later in the fall the broods of young occasionally join forces, but whether from a want of company or for protection is not known.

When feeding, the birds are sometimes scattered several yards apart, but at the first sign of danger an alarm is given, and they immediately "bunch," with their heads pressed close together, as if in consultation. The first shot into the air is a warning shot, and a covey will often come to be scattered and fly in all directions, and if not disturbed again for several minutes "scatter calls" will be heard on every side.

There is a very curious habit of the birds, who again bunch. Many of the market-guys seem to have no qualms of conscience and very often kill without hesitation an entire covey, when at least one or two pairs of birds should be left for breeders—Baltimore Sun.

Question of Adultery. A criminal lawyer of long experience at the bar was heard to say the other day:

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

An Old Idea With Money In It—The Great Horse Show Humbug—Young Chappies Who Look Horny.

[Special Correspondence.] It has often been said that any man with a good idea and a little money can make a fortune in New York and build up a successful business in a very short time. Many persons have also been found on the contrary side of this statement, it is true, but it seems to be correct nevertheless. A short time ago a millinery firm on Sixth avenue in this city closed its doors and either went out of business or removed to another part of town. The natural inference was that the stand was a poor one, at least for any enterprise dependent for success upon the patronage of women. One man, however, was shrewd enough to see that there might have been other causes conspiring to the undoing of the merchant who had given up the place, and that it was one of the best locations in the city for a small, cheap business.

Not a New Idea. He invested in a large stock of 5 and 10 cent goods, and opened the place again. To say that he has been successful would be putting the case too mildly. His establishment has been literally overrun ever since its inception, and it has unusual things for women to go there to make purchases and be obliged to return home without having accomplished the object of their trip down town. Everybody knows that the 5 and 10 cent counter idea was not a new one, and a few years ago these counters were the adjuncts of nearly every store in the country, so there was nothing original about that phase of the scheme.

Where He Was Clever. What was smart, however, was the discovery of the fact that a great many small and low priced articles in the mammoth combination stores were slow sellers because the shoppers did not care to go to the trouble of digging them out, so to speak, from the great mass of goods. It was natural that a store in which these articles were grouped conveniently and in which nothing else should be sold would be likely to be well patronized. The merchant in this case was taking at the foot of the tide which Shakespeare says, under such circumstances, leads on to fortune.

Ideas of New Women. Woman was in the ascendancy at the recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century club in this city. She exceeded in numbers the representatives of the other sex, and she alone occupied the platform, except when Mr. Taylor, the president, made a few stirring remarks. The subject of the discussion was "Is Domestic Life Disappearing in Our American Cities, and if so, Why?" Mrs. Helen Campbell of the University of Wisconsin, who was the chief speaker, told the many disadvantages which women labor in homemaking. She quoted statistics and announced the fact that a very small proportion of the women in America were doing any work, and consequently are obliged to do their own work, and many of them have to earn the money too. This, she said, was the reason why so many gave up the effort and went to the boarding house, "the great disintegrator," as she expressed it. Another cause for the lessening of old fashioned homes was the ease for travel among people of means. She said, "who spend their time going about the world and never seem to think in any place of anything except how to get to some other place."

When Francis Fisher Wood declared the change in his feeling, Mr. Wood also said the people of New York were too much afraid of the expense of a home. If they would not consider so many things necessities, they could all have homes of their own. "One-third of our expenses," she said, "are for things that we feel sure people will expect us to have, and another third for what we want because our neighbors have them."

And Mrs. Wood uttered a truth which every thinking man or woman in New York is willing to admit. The Horse Show Humbug. We saw an awful lot of humbugs most of us are, to be sure. The horse show in this city as an illustration. It was a horse show to the vast multitude it was merely an opportunity to see the persons and fancy articles of the city columns of our very ridiculous "metropolitan" newspapers. To the members of the Four Hundred it was a sort of dress parade, where the populace was given an opportunity to gaze upon the magnificent apparel of those who assume to be the social superiors of every one else in this vast city. The horse show is always a great pecuniary success because of the conditions, and for no other reason whatever. The show comes to be looked at, and multitudes come to do the looking. Relegated to its proper sphere and devoted to its (tentative) legitimate purpose, the horse show would make a reputation in New York entertainments because of its monumental failure.

Horsey Young Chappies. The thing is, of course, not without its humor, for the fact is that the spigons of which are the efforts of young chappies, and even of the old ones, to be regarded as being awfully horny. The attempts, too, of those who are not provided with a substantial fund of wealth to ape the doings of these harmless nineties, who have more money than brains or physique, form a pathetic background which gives atmosphere to the picture. So that, taken all in all, no one who paid his money to go to the horse show can justly complain of not having received a good pro quo.

Small Incomes. Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above 50 cents a week, and sometimes it falls below that.

A Dangerous View of Life. We are constantly confronted with the fact that the material advantages of the world are not equally distributed. A good moral record is proof against disloyalty to life. Many causes are added, grief, shame, remorse, desire, and the foulest of the foulest, which underlies all others may be said to be the common habit of thinking that life is to be valued only for the happiness it affords. If personal life is not personally happy it is useless. Thus, when they come to some epoch when sorrow triumphs over joy, failure over success, pain over pleasure, life loses all meaning to them and they wait for death. This view of life is essentially untrue and most injurious.—New York Ledger.

Personal Ends. "Saw you coming out of the barbers' this morning," said the scotch barber.

"I went in on business connected with purely personal ends," replied Asbury Peppers with much dignity.

"Oh, beg pardon, I—"

"That is to say, I got my hair cut and my shoes shined."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOUSEWIFE'S POEM.

For the love of money, sake! Sally Ann has burned the cake.

Oh, the trials of this land! Not a soul to lend a hand, And the parlor carpet, more, Never know'd a day like this, Clean house is enough bills, But with economy I tell you I'll just wait till I shall to him.

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PRACTICING LAW.

The Judge Says It Is Absolutely Devoted to the Cause of the Accused.

"There's no more fun in the practice of law," observed the judge as he softly brushed away the film of soft ashes from the live end of his cigar. "Thirty years ago, when we used to hang up the witnesses on the other side and have two or three fights every noon recess, it was worth while to be in the profession."

"I read in my old home paper yesterday that Bill Traynor was dead. There was a character. Did I ever tell you the story about him?"

"Bill once sat on a jury in one of my first cases. It was an assault, and battery case. The trouble came up over the attempt to build a fence across a highway. There were two defendants and four prosecutors and then brought in the verdict of guilty and fined each of the defendants \$5 and costs. The jury was about to be discharged when my partner jumped up and said to one of the jurors: 'Say, who are you? I don't remember seeing you before. They wouldn't get any of the defendants won. So were not very helpful.'

"The six jurors went out into the confidant to deliberate. They were gone about two hours, and then brought in the verdict of guilty and fined each of the defendants \$5 and costs. The jury